UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

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Original Poetry.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S Farewell to her Native River.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

Sweetly then glidest, gentle river,
Winding on, with playful motion,
To the sea redeeming, ever.
All the brightness of his eye.

Thou hast, in our days of gladness,
Murmured where our village stood,
Known us fill, and yet we kindness
Bless thy surface, joyous flood.

Would that I, like thee unfeeling,
Or though life could hold no way
That my smile no grief concealing,
Like thine own might reply.

Equally without emotion,
Looking upon joy and woe,
So my aching heart would welcome
Never cold return could know.

So no more, this weight of sorrow
On my aching heart were borne,
And, like thee, I too could borrow
Smiles from each returning morn.

But, alas! all morning's brightness
All the joy of hill and tree
Which I used to see with their lightness,
For they smile no more for me.

Then let my lonely path be ever
Strangers deserts, far away,
Where no season, nor time discover
Memory of's happier day.

Original Tales.

THE NORMAN PAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY MRS. P. W. B. CAROTHERS.

The sun was resting his disc on the edge of the horizon, and long swaying purple clouds were catching his last rays of glory and reflecting them over the tops of the dark oak forest, whose long shadows nearly succeeded two degrees when reclined on the sward of a low dingle, or hollow, that ran through the chase that formed the back entrian to an old English castle. The strong towers, the massive battlements, and deeply arched casements made the castle of Knight in his day, but the high walled courts and deep moat lay in gloomy shadow, and save the occasional bay of a hound, or the low of a herd as it took its way to the evening turret into the evening air, deep silence reigned over the proud towers; for proud might well be called the castle of the Earl of Arundel, in Sussex.

A footer dressed in a blue frock, bound by a broad leathern belt, containing a huntsman's knife, several hood tassels woven out of all the colors of the rainbow, formed of deer's hair with the hair on, and a cap of the same material, was lying on the grass at the foot of an oak, whose head boughs extended over him. Beyond over him, which at a short distance and a youth, whose lithe and graceful proportions were strongly contrasted with those of the sturdy build and ample strength. His form indicated him as bearing the rank of a page to a nobleman's household, and his dress, as to attitude in the gloomy old halls of Arlsworth she had lived on hope; but gradually it had grown dimmer, and at last it expired. Her eyes were closed, her lord's return had died, when the last rut of the rose had faded from her cheek, and her soft blue eyes had dimmed their lustre; for the watching ones of the castle Eva to her couch, and placing her hand in that of the baroness, died; like some fair, lone flower, which withers from the loss of the fostering care of the sun, gradually faded and faded.

Eva thus left alone with her aunt, who was fully qualified to exult her off the accomplishments of the age, grew from childhood into womanly beauty, and her mild and melodic temper rendered her the idol of the household. Her father, Sir Reginald Lovel, was the younger brother of the Earl of Arundel, and after the glimpses of that world he had described, and after a wandering of some three months, at a minstrel at the hospitality of the hall, and sang in return the songs of love and chivalry. Eva lent her whole soul to the music, and cold was the praise that was bestowed. Thus the report of her beauty and generosity had spread through England, but vainly she awaited the coming of the wanderer of the infant. No tidings came, but still the maiden loved to listen to stories of his boyhood and youth, from the old domestics, and delighted the relics of his parents and of the glowing taste that youth and fancy borrow from solitude. How deep then was her disappointment when a gallant train of knights and squires, with the banner of the Arundels, rode into the castle court, and learned from her to fling with an averted eye and a frame of apathy to her aunt's reproaches of her cruelties and death. And when the Baroness touched on her own wrongs, and with quivering accents told of the love for her husband, and how she had been slighted for her son's sake, with this vinegar shaded by the deep glances of his cap, and muffled in his cloak, presented a figure which Eva's eye, with a lightened heart she heard the Earl announce the departure of his friend in the morning, and received his courteous adieu after supper.

"My friend," he said to the baroness, "is in haste to depart on his way, and as he has ridden far to-day, and as I feel much fatigued, I shall keep my apartment for some days,—let no change, therefore, be made in the household, those about me my meals and attend to my habits and solitude, and rest assured I shall be soon." So saying, the two knights retired as soon as the evening meal was despatched.

"And this," soliloquized the maiden, "is the father I have so longed to see, and for whose return I have so many times prayed in the morning and evening! Oh, the gay and chivalrous knight who was to be my comforter into that bright world which has hitherto been a stranger to me!"

Eva's dreams were disturbed by the sound of horses' hoofs and the clang of arms, and in less than an hour her name was ringing blithe music through her chamber. Her father, and her heart leaped with delight at the sound, and her whole soul was flooded with gratitude and happiness to her deeply mortified aunt.

The Baroness Percy might have had her day-dreams too, in reference to the Earl's return, but if they had been such as a high bred and worldly woman would naturally have entertained, of restoration to favor and influence, they were doomed to meet a most disappointment. Lord Percy merely vouchsafed her a cold welcome beneath his roof, and spoke of his return to favor from the world as the result of his remaining years. The neighboring nobles who called to wish some late home, and renew their early acquaintance, were received with cold politeness, or were discourteously received as to give the assurance that all society had grown distasteful, and he was thus left to his accustomed solitude.

Several months elapsed, rendered particularly comfortable to Eva by the kindness and the increased demeanor of the Earl, when late one evening a horn was sounded at the gate. The Earl had retired, and Eva and her aunt were seated around the blazing log fire, and with their immediate attendants, were employed in embroidering the heavy tapestry then in fashion, when the gate-keeper hastily entered with the ingend of superstition so fabulous as the good monk's claims to piety. The lower end of the hall, below the dais, was filled by the domestics of the family, busily engaged in some occupation of a rural nature, when the Earl suddenly entered, followed by his three black attendants.

"Admit those strangers at the gate," he said hastily, and while the menschal and the old house porter hastened to obey, he paced the hall impatiently, and twice he opened the pantoon oak door, and twice down both, and then despatching Herbert to see what caused that which seemed to his impatience delay, he turned to the ladies, and in a foreign tongue seemed to be making some explanation, for the white teeth of the pagan he spoke to gleamed through the unusually curled lip, and the others smiled their eyes toward the baroness and Eva with an expression so hideous, that Eva hung her head low over her embroidering frame, and trembled in every limb. But she dared not show the abhorrence she ever felt at the approach of her father's sable attendants, whose bow limbs, sinewy forms, and glittering arms, bore evidence to contrast in the deep swarthiness of whom she had been born; for once he had so sternly frowned upon her, at giving utterance to some expressions of dislike, that she had fainted in his presence.

The jingling of spurs and heavy rattle of armor announced the approach of a knight, and attended by a gallantly attired page, bearing a sword, came the Earl, followed by the Earl on his return home. The baroness gazed, amazed to see Lord Percy kneel and receive the benediction of the knight, who then graciously saluting the ladies, turned, and drew forward the only brother of the earl. With the restless spirit that characterized young men of the period, Harry Percy had gone to the continent at a very early age, and in search of adventure had entered the lists in Normandy, at a celebrated tourney, where knights and nobles from all parts of Europe were present, and was to be bestowed by the minstrel queen of beauty. Catharine De Rue, the loveliest maiden of Normandy. The young Englishman had won the enamored of the vast lance, but won the fair Norman for his bride. Minstrels had sung the praises of the maiden's beauty in every court and hall of Europe, and the reputation of her hand, for she was the sole heiress of Henri De Bois, a wealthy baron of Normandy, and honor young Percy had merited to be hunted to make all save satisfied a modern dueller. One can had hardly likened their union before he fell in one of those conflicts with a savage, ferocious baron, leaving his young wife and son entirely unprotected; for her father was already dead. Lady Percy lived several years in the solitude of her castle, cherishing the memory of occasional visits from some of those writers whom she had formerly attended for Percy; until growing the indefinite rage of a neighboring baron, and her party slight, he marched against her with a band of armed retainers, and fixing her own strongest in the lake her prisoner. But the fidelity of a domestic saved her from personal violence, and she had barely time to collect a few jewels, and her infant son, and with two attendants. The victor put every creature to death, and razed the castle in the savage rage of disappointment. Meanwhile the knight in his usual way, on foot, to the seacoast, and embarked for England, resolved to seek that avenue to the heart of a bosom, as the case of a son to look at it from the young turret into the evening air, deep silence reigned over the proud towers; for proud might well be called the castle of the Earl of Arundel, in Sussex.

"Landless I surely am now, mother, but wait till I was sword and spare," and his bright eye flashed, as he doffed down compressed as he took his first and tenderly replaced Lady Percy on her seat. Earl Percy had stood apart during this scene, and as Henry's glance fell full upon him, he advanced and extending his emaciated hand, said,

"That was spoken like a Percy of other days. Although we have to present you an Eve, my nephew and to my household," and as the page bowed low with his lips touched the fingers of Eva, he felt them tremble, and a smile of encouragement he cast from toward the servants and retainers, who pressed forward to gaze upon so unexpected a scene. The baroness and Eva were all alive with gladness at the awakening old memories of his father's boyhood and youth, and the old domestics were delighted to welcome the Page to the halls of his fathers, and into the genial atmosphere of the castle gave it back in echoes from the rusty armor that hung in the entrance hall, and the eye of the cut lightened, and a temporary glow came to his pallid cheek. But the passing outburst of gladness was of short duration, for the heavy tread and glowing eye of the knight was fastened on him, and muttering something of excuse to the baroness and Harry, he withdrew, accompanied by the knight and his sable attendants.

Harry looked after them a minute in silence, and he turned hastily to Eva, and said,

"By my faith, fair cousin," he said, "your black pagans form an odd attendance for an English noble and a priestly knight, they would be better placed at the guards of a Moslem's harem than a Christian castle—you must dance be scarce in every England once Salvages are made more an arms to nobles."

Eva blushed deeply at the bold speech of her kinsman, but he continued,

"Forgive me if I offend, but the strangeness of their appearance have caused the remark—one night more and I will in them, in Normandy, I had my own household, and he

only hunting him to another cover. He insisted upon it that Burnet was morally crushed of his interest, because he expected one day to hit-out the property his parents left him. His daughter was then sixteen years old—a mere age, but more determined than infirm. Such were the effects of one heavenly spark, and long-continued ill-treatment. She begged her stepfather to himself, and inwardly, but firmly resolved, that the young man, from whom, she knew how to expect a great deal, would have succeeded nothing, and to whom he would have deemed entirely closed by forbidden the house. We have seen how this determination was received by Mary, and how, during the old gentleman's throes, the visits of Burnet were still continued. To do the young man justice, however, it is fair to state, that he was an innocent trespasser. Had he caught an idea of the vile calculations which were going on, he would have given them a sailor, by persevering in his suit to the daughter.

"Who she's it?"

"He talks to his sleep, Mary."

"I won't—I won't, never will—it's no—" (inaudible).

"What does he mean?"

"He is figuring upon his brother with Gilbo."

Mary knew that was a—if—when she uttered it; and fearful that her father's treacherous tongue would betray her, rose to wakes him.

"Stop Mary, there be your senses."

"He knows Gilbo is dreaming," said Mary trembling. "Let me wake him."

"No, no, sit still."

"Comes here—(inaudible)—kick him out?"

"No, Gilbo does not come here, Mary."

The tone in which that short sentence was uttered, strike all the senses of the old farmer, at discovered the deceit which had been practised upon him. The whole truth flashed upon his mind—and had been receiving his addresses in her father's house, in his very presence, against the positive wishes and will of that entirely rejected and biting creature. A fit of almighty regret and biting passion followed. It threatened to an entire overthrow. It disturbed the old gentleman, and he started from his chair, completely awake.

"Hey! what! eh, Burnet," said he, coldly, "good evening. But how the devil is it you are here? Mary there to an ed and to her shawl—and you look like a contented fellow." Poor Burnet did indeed believe that he felt the awkwardness of his situation. As if he had danced a gimcrack-jig, the old man suddenly recoiled—"Pretty well—pretty well—hem!—well, Mr. Burnet? What have you been doing—what have you been saying, sir, to my daughter, in my own house, and under my very nose, sir?"

"Mr. Williams—"

"Mr. Burnet!" And the old gentleman made a very low bow.

"Mr. Williams, I have accidentally discovered by your accusings in your countenance, that you purpose to hint me out of your house."

"Sir?"

"No more concealment, Mr. Williams, it size ill upon you. If, with your accustomed frankness, you had told me that my visits to your daughter was displeasing to you, I never would have intruded them."

"Stay away, and what me dead—eh?"

"Sir?"

"Yes, just as I say. I know I can't wear two faces, like a lawyer, (screams his teeth,) and enter I've got a part of the load off my stomach in my chest, I'll be hanged if the whole don't come. I believe you don't care a d—n for my daughter—but want to marry my money, and I say you have got at none, that you could fish out of what I shall say in my story for it, you can see me as long as I live."

"Well, Mr. Williams, I shall not undertake, by talking, to defend myself, as I can do that best by a course which will not only save words, but time, and receive which will not only save words, but time, and receive which will not only save words, but time, and receive

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Notices of New Works.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW. *Burgess & Zieber.*—The March number of this work is filled with a good variety of rich papers. It opens with a "*Letter*" under the alliterative head of "The Gallows and the Gospel." It is addressed to clergymen opposing themselves to the abolition of the sin, in the name of the other," and we are sorry to find that it betrays a spirit of bitterness and intolerance for clergymen as a class, which has of late been the evidence of smartness and independence in certain cliques. For our own part, we have no sympathy with why clergymen should be considered on certain points, or on any point, incapable of holding opinions of their own, and very deeply abhor the spirit of caste for the exercise of privileges which are not denied to any other class. We do not assert that the writer of this paper intended any disrespect to the class of the saintly sacrificed good breeding, if not common decency, by the struggling after alliteration in the title of his paper, and the sneering at the supposed power of the direction of his "appeal." For the rest, the able he advocates, is that to which we are disposed—and the manner in which he does it, is a fine evidence of erudition. Mr. Hawthorne's allegory, "The Human Serpent," is ably written, but too incorrectly horrible—verging on the terrific and monstrous—to touch to leave any practical beneficial influence—which we take to be the end of an allegory. The political portrait of this number, is of the Hon. Levi Woodbury; the steel engraving which accompanies the pen sketch, is admirably done, and is a typical likeness. On the whole, as it is the only work that we have been, the Democratic for March, takes the first rank for ability among the periodicals of the country, though the writer does permit certain cliques of clergymen to sprinkle their solemn nonsense in its pages. This we set down as a general remark, than of this particular number, as there are certain articles and certain initials, which are so terrific a warning to us as a matter of a spring gun; and from which we keep clear as carefully.

A HISTORY OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISES IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS. *By the Rev. John Williams, late of the London Missionary Society. New York: D. Appleton. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—The author of this work was truly and literally a martyr in the cause of Christian charity. He was massacred at one of the New Hebrides, in the most horrible manner, and for a purpose too revolting for thought. The natives absolutely devoured his body and his head alone! If this circumstance gave any impetus to the publication/sale of this book, it did not need it, for it is in market a work incapable of sustaining itself, for the volumes contain so much intrinsically valuable and deeply interesting matter, that it should be in every family and a sole almost unprecedented—having reached nearly forty thousand copies, at $3 00. The American edition, will all the great wood engravings, and is a work of delight, and at just one-third its price, cannot fail to sell to the amount of at least twice as many. Every body who reads this work will feel an inclination to read it; and every one who commences will continue it. It is of no use for us to praise; for we cannot keep pace with the evils to which we commend it.

THE NEIGHBORS. *A Story of Every Day Life. Translated from the Swedish of Fredericka Bremer. By Mary Howitt. Boston: James Munroe & Co. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—In her preface, Mrs Howitt tells us that little is known in England, to which we assume, that little is known in America of the Swedish language; and to support this assertion she has given us this translation. We ask no better critic to select a story of every day life than Mrs Howitt; for, writing such things so beautifully as she does, her taste in selection can but be excellent. We have, therefore, the sensation of a treat of the most real this work, that it is excellent; and the attractive and neat form in which it is here published, cannot fail to suggest to a wide sale to every one who has taste to preserve as well as read. It is really a treat, in these days of pamphleteering, to get hold of a *real* book, in two volumes.

MR. CALHOUN, No. 303 Chestnut street, has sent us No. 5 of "Alison's History of Europe," "The Cotton Tree System of Planting," "Life of Washington Irving," by Stoddard, with Illustrations, and "The History and Philosophy of Animal Magnetism," with practical instructions for the mesmerizing of the patient. Mr. Colton has it in contemplation to issue a series of elegant drawings and etchings of "Scenes in Indian Life," by Mrs. Bailey. We have seen specimens of the work, and they are the most spirited things we have looked at for a long time. The numbers will be issued at 25 cents each, and we hope will command a wide sale.

ROSE AS CORRUGATED.—We noticed a few weeks since Dr. Rose's new work on Consumption, and his comfortable theory that it can be cured. A correspondent on whom we can rely says:

"That consumption can be cured, is reduced to a certainty, by the great success of Dr. R.'s practice. The testimonials of the cured are published by tens of thousands in the United States, and by many among my own personal friends in the city of Boston, as well as expressions of gratitude to him for restoring to the world, I wish this fact brought to the notice of every person afflicted with that dreadful disease, and that dreadful malady. A recent work by Dr. Rose, on Consumption, is the best I have ever seen of their kind."

CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN MONTHLY.—This work for March, delayed a little beyond the first of the month, brings us quite up to the time, and is a good number received by the last steamship. It is Mr. Campbell's custom, by the way, when such an effect can be produced, to describe a fashion in the London world. We also commenced giving a memorial in each number. The plate for March is a portrait of Macaulay—and is, in every good likeness, and certainly a beautiful picture.

NOTARIES'S MAGAZINE.—Messrs. Burgess & Zieber are now issuing a work of great value to the public at the above title, at the low price of a shilling each. The advantages of their enterprise over others, is that the publication is to be issued in parts at regular intervals, and have accordingly contracted with Mr. T. S. Arthur for a number of Novelettes to be issued in the form, and Mr. Peter, entitled "Bell Martin," is very beautifully got up.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.—Mr. William H. Graham, No. 98 Chestnut street, has received the second number of the illustrations of this work, for which we spoke at so much length a week or two since. It contains the design of the publication, exactly well, and as a specimen of very neat printing is unsurpassed. Reference to Mr. Graham's advertisement will show the opinions of high architects of the country.

L. F. TASISTRO, Esq., is about to commence a new journal in Boston, on the plan of his Repeater, published in New York some years since. As a talented journal, the Expositor took high rank, and it is not opposing any thing that will not be reviled, to promise that the new work shall be as good as the old was.

HEWITT'S SERIAL LIFE OF GOODRICH.—Messrs. Clegg & Hart have commenced a serial edition of the work—very neatly printed, and very cheap.

ALDEN'S ESSAYS.—The 5th number of this work has been received in this city by Perkins & Purves, and Burgess & Zieber. It brings the history down to the year 1801, and commences the second volume of the serial edition. Perhaps no one of the publications, &c., when delivering from that fate.

D'ABIGNE.—The fourth number of Mr. Campbell's edition of D'Abbigne's Reformation, has been laid upon our table. One more number completes the work. While each is rich in the rare wood cuts throughout the land by the system of cheap publications, immense good is effected by it.

HUNT'S MAGAZINE has been sent us from Dow & Somerville, Boston. Also the Practical for March. Both excellent numbers, and worthy of more notice than we can give to-day.

LIST OF ACTS.

The following is a list of the public Acts passed at the last session of Congress, together with a list of a few of the important bills which *did not pass*. By their absence from the list of enactments, the non-passage of others will be learned. In addition to those public bills, about 130 private bills, principally relating to individuals, have been enacted.

The Civil and Diplomatic, the Army, the Navy, the Indian Treaty and the Fortification Appropriation bills—five in number.

An act to authorize the Secretary in force the act for the payment of horses and other property lost in the military service of the United States.

——— to provide for carrying into effect the treaty of peace with the United States and Great Britain.

——— providing the cession of future intercourse between the United States and Great Britain.

——— making appropriations for the payment of navy pensions.

——— authorizing the re-issue of Treasury notes, and for other purposes.

——— to bring into the Treasury moneys received by certain public officers before they can be disbursed by warrant.

——— to authorize the chief clerk in the office of the Secretary of State to affix the seal and official documents sent from that office.

——— making appropriations for pensions.

——— to permit the entry of merchandise exempted from duty shipwreck, in certain cases, free from duty.

——— declaring Robinson, in the State of Maine to be a port of delivery.

——— to amend the law regulating imprisonment for debt within the District of Columbia.

——— to amend the law relating to the enrollment of vessels employed in whole or part by steam.

——— to repeal the bankrupt act.

——— to simplify and reduce the complications of the records of land patents and other evidences of title.

——— to authorize the sale of lands, with the improvements thereon erected by the United States, to the State of Illinois, for the use of the Illinois and Michigan canal, and other persons employed amongst the Indians.

——— to provide, in certain cases, for the sale of the real estate of bankrupts, under the act of 1841.

——— granting a pension to certain widows of Revolutionary soldiers.

——— to authorize the election or appointment of officers in the Territory of Wisconsin.

——— to grant the right of pre-emption on the western shores of Lake Michigan.

——— to provide for the enrollment of claims to supplies furnished the Florida militia.

——— to provide for the ascertainment of losses on account of live oak, in the southeastern district of Louisiana.

——— authorizing an examination and survey of the harbor of Memphis, in Tennessee.

——— to provide for the investigation of alleged frauds under the pre-emption laws.

——— providing for the sale of certain lands in the States of Ohio and Michigan, ceded by the Wyandot tribe of Indians, and for other purposes.

——— to amend the act of 1841, entitled "An act to extend the time for the payment of the purchase money of certain lands."

——— to amend the act of 1841, entitled "An act relating to the Treasury of the United States."

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Gems from the Poets.

HONOR TO WOMAN.

A TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

Honor to Woman! To her it is given
To guard the secret with the mark of Heaven!
All blessed, she lisheth the Loves in their choir—
In the cell of the Graces her beauty they tire—
She tends on each altar that's hallow'd to Feeling,
And incenseth over the fire!

From the bounds of Truth careering,
Man's strong spirit wildly sweeps,
With each lowly impulse veering,
Down to Passion's troubled deeps.
And his heart, contented never,
Clouds to grapple with the Fir.
Chasing his own dream for ever,
On through many a distant Hell!

But Woman at peace with all being, reposes,
And sends from the Moment to gather the roses—
Whose sweets to her custom belong.
Ah! mother-like her, should her soul requisite
The mighty dominions of Cosmos see Love,
And the infinite Circle of Song.

Strong, and proud, and self-ascending,
Man's cold element bears no shore;
Blest with heart divinely blending,
In the love that gods have love-given,
Seeks sweet interchange of feeling.
Whereso'er his mighty barque leaving,
Earth fond weeps the last one sinking,
Arms against a world of foes.

Alive, as the wind-harp, how lightly answer
To each sigh the Spirit in unseen veil-quiver,
In Woman to Hope and to Fear!
Ah, tender soul! still at the chance of grieving,
How quiver the chords—how thy bosom is heaving—
How trembles its plaster through the tear!

Man's dominion, war and labor!
Might to rule the States gave—
Laws are in the Sceptium's sabre!
Where's the Right that's higher than the Sieve!
To Woman's throne, gods! restore it,
Ere the Wrong eats out and wins!
Ere rages, discordly eleverly,
Where the vanish'd Graces smiled.

But Woman, she Self-One, permanently regardful—
O! she is the silver-clear Image of Eternity!
She lulls, as she looks from Heaven,
The discord whose Hell for its ruinous is ripping;
Blessed is she!—she's but one Woman!
Whispers Hate to the Image of Love!

Selected Articles.

FROM THE REFORMED DRAMA.

THE STARVED ROCK.

A Legend of the Illinois.

"I tell the tale as it was told to me."

—That rock left on yesterday speak,
Cold lay they where they died, and a gentle breeze
While o'er them flapped the ravens' sable wing,
Now whistling came from the neighboring tree,
And surmounting nigh their hungry dirge, and rough,
But calm and sometimes cradled the wave below,
Eternal with unsympathetic flow."—STARR (MS)

Wandering in the West, I took it into my head to ascend the Illinois to the commencement of steam navigation, and journey from thence, by stage, across the prairies to the Northern shore of Lake Michigan—just for the sake of a jury into the "blue waters" thereof, and for the purpose of making a somewhat very acquaintance with their beautiful silvery "white fish." It was, in truth, a delightful ride, that same over the burning prairies; the fires living at a distance, however, and of a character, owing to the time of year—what was spring—that rendered them innocent; while their added beauty, sublimity—and any other fine word you may choose to use—to the scene. The weather having been for some days hot and pleasant, the roads were over fine—for the whole good quality they were indented neither to "Uncle Sam," nor the State « » playpens.

Although an invalid—having been unfortunate enough to sprain my wrist, and suffering much from the pain it occasioned—I yet enjoyed a journey through that magnificent region.

But, since I have spoken of my accident, allow me to remember a sweet, dark-eyed girl, whom I met the stopping place after I had met with my misfortune, shunned a sister's kindness to me—assisted me to undo up my disabled arm, and helping me—inasmuch as I was not well able to help myself—to the choicest viands that could be obtained for the breakfast table. For those attentions to the wounded stranger, she has my thanks and my blessing—but they must not be of any avail, and the fear is the only commodity of which I become enough to give a portion away. May she marry, and do well let those insolence, do not long fail to, for better, and to the cares in a "single state of blessedness," throwing themselves into their responsible vigil, and with their claims to the affections of tabby cats and pocket-dogs, upon whom they are fain to bestow the love that may not be otherwise appropriated. Nor yet must I pass unnoticed, another fair demoiselle, the daughter of a "man of consequence," not a hundred miles from a city I could mention. I remain her debtor for sundry washings of certain *fine-linenish* and sentimental songs, such as "Zip Coon," "Settin on a rail," &c.; which served to lull me into a slow, filled with all that is conservative of beauty and fitness in a vision; from breaking the night—for, deemed meaner I is was night upon the puzzle, in a stage coach—exactly so intruders in timelines in like predicament, delightful to me. May the lady, of whom I speak, long obtain so great and enviable a fame, city in exigent songs in the most sublime and exquisite of keeping—the negro dialect—as that chief of Bellows and music teachers, the Professor of the Ideal art, Jim Rice, Esq. But I am wandering from my theme.

On the route, of which I have spoken, the object most interesting to the mere traveller, to him who left an eye to see, and a soul to appreciate what he saw, is the "Starved Rock." I use the term "mediæval," as distinguished from another class of the travelling community, the "practical" and prejudiced—who come to "try out the fatness of the land," and "farming" their friends and the public in general—who, to say the truth, own a singularly prosaic lot for humanity with their peculiar predilections of the income they have laid out, which are to a portentally rich in nothing but their lofty cognizance and no fact of value wherewith they will be favored at the next "rise." For such as these, the object of which I speak would possess no attractions; unless it were in a land of desert, where it would be peculiarly what is as a resident site for the erection of a shot tower! But, thank Fortune! it is not, and may, therefore, come and go unmolested by the sordid and base from the contaminating touch of such as its natural beauty and peculiarity assumed.

The "Starved Rock," stands proudly prominent on the left banks of the Illinois, about two miles above Utica, the head of navigation. Its height is some eighty or to hundred feet, perpendicular; the ascent is tolerable, and, with the intention of the rider, is narrowly covered with pine shrubs, apparently of recent growth. Its summit is about to be three lands, but is more abundant in the neighborhood of this rock than in any that I saw, though it is also in his diminutive to admit of its being used as fuelstead. The rock is about and projects into the river, so that about two-thirds of its circumference is washed by the waters, while the remaining third serves to connect it with the shore, or rather chain of bluffs, that opposite it, and of which it appears to be the termination. Directly opposite the River is in the middle of the Illinois, is a lovely green island, nearly circular, where only a few fine firs are several other islands, larger and more irregularly shaped. Westward and Southward of it and the river, stretches a range of prairie for as the eye can reach, interrupted by a few small groves—none—how well I recollect the first time I looked upon it! the sun, almost of a fair half, and from the bluff back of the village of Peru, about eight miles south of it, where some time previously—before which may be seen from thence bounding up beautifully in the distance, is that Peoria-lake.

Its supposition, that of "Starved," is derived from a tradition of the Indians. It is a tradition of the Indian, however, we must, if we intend to be faithful seats of the stones in the fearful tragedy that gave to the place its present historical and romantic name, the memories of men, survive, they live not now to tell of it to the land that belonged to their nation. The compassionate onward march of civilization has driven them westward—to the "Setting Sun." Indians! Indeed is a rare and fairly chance to burn the eloquence into the type of the unlettered, and the pencil and wood imagery would give additional interest to for legend. But I must be content to receive a dry and rough record—hand accused from some aged inhabitant of the place that knew not of his statements. Those runs the tale:

The red men assert that many moons ago—while yet the Indians lived on the banks of the Illinois—and the old edicated their "breathing hostess" inflicted in the Great Spirit, that he was angry with the planet—his hunting justice, belonging to tribes that don't long enough to be inimical, punishing the cause, yet not loath to men an enemy at their own land—was the case, that he would punish them for it those days, now, else! departed—cleared to men on the banks of the Illinois. Indians! Indeed! Long have their tents heard the fierce yelling of the combatants—the clashing of their tomahawks—the twang of bow-strings, and the whizzing of arrows—the groans of the wounded as the scalp was rudely torn from their crowns, and the hoarse, shrill, fiend-like laugh of victory! Then came the howling of many souls for the dead—the plaint, and, as the battle were resolved, there was the funny parting of the conquered, the clanking of the corpse and bone trinkets, as though a horse of deer, roused by the hunter, were seeking safety in flight.

"There was cursing and chasing" on Illinois' shore,
And the water was as the cruel heap to the tree.

The retreating party fled to the "Starved Rock," a place of security. Alas! it was only for season. The pursuers, instead of attempting to ascend in the face of their enemies, more wisely determined to invest the place by "rum and lead." One can well imagine the scene of revelry exhibited by the besiegers, when at night seated their fires, they feasted and caroused, and taunting with the sight of plenty, their starving foes; who, day by day, and night by night, saw their numbers to wane away, and die a lingering death from thirst and hunger, with the dreadful mortality rumors of the Illinois' banks—the groans, consumed with the silver-coated dentition which developed themselves in the shrunken jaws—the fear of the beleaguers, their nostrils were greeted with the savory smell of the delicious flesh of the deer and the buffalo!

The fate of Tantalus, in the Heathen Mythology, who was doomed to be in the midst of plenty, without the power to eat and drink, is a mere analogous to the one of which I speak, save in the matter of duration—he being punished and punishable forever, while that of the Illinois' Indians was temporary accompanied with the silver-coated dentition which developed themselves in the shrunken jaws—the fear of the beleaguers, their nostrils were greeted with the savory smell of the delicious flesh of the deer and the buffalo!

The fate of Tantalus, in the Heathen Mythology, who was doomed to be in the midst of plenty, without the power to eat and drink, is a mere analogous to the one of which I speak, save in the matter of duration—he being punished and punishable forever, while that of the Illinois' Indians was temporary and terminated with the extinction of the tribe. Their whole tribe! Yes, every one perished of hunger, or was cut altogether, and affected them not in the least in the Hunting Grounds of the Great Spirit; where, it is to be presumed, there are no rocks for such uses, and where fish, fish and fat are altogether and devoted to none. But, the Indians were elected to death—was it right, and I would be the last to question the truth of that which has added to so beautiful a spot the charm of the poetic association, that has given to the "Starved Rock" its name and legend—which will remain, when the Indian, cut in relief by the waters of the Illinois, feed for the painter and the poet, and a theme

"To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

FLOWER SEEDS.

BY G. C. THORBURN, N. Y.

It is pleasing to observe that the taste for the cultivation of flowers is steadily increasing. Almost every one can find leisure to put a few seeds into the ground, and sufficient taste to select some young plant, pending through the earth; to observe the bright green wave waving into strength and beauty, and to tender foliage; to see the delicate and wonderful leaf forming and swelling, which is to be the reward of all your sensibility. Any one who has done this for a season, will find the pursuit to possess a species of fascination, which will yield the purest of pleasures. Let the mother inflicted, and become familiar with the beautiful mysteries; it is delightful to mid-into the garden, day after day, and trace the gradually expanding leaf, developing the unknown glory of a new variety. But the whole process of flower cultivation is so interesting, so replete with delight, that I leave the mind of naturally to discover contemplation, that we conceive it unnecessary to say more on the subject.

Previous to forming a flower garden, the ground should be properly prepared, by being well broken up, and thoroughly pulverized. It should be protected from cold winds by close fences, or plantations of shrubs. Generally speaking, a flower garden should not be upon a large scale; the beds or borders should be so part of that to be kept in order the cultivator can reach, without treading on them. In small gardens, where there is not room for many distinct declinations, neatness should be the prevailing characteristic. A variety of forms may be indulged in, provided the figures are graceful and neat, and not to any place where they are exposed. An oval is a form that generally pleases, on account of the continuity of its outlines: next, if extensive, a circle; but hearts, diamonds, or triangles, are not to be used. A simple parallelogram, divided into beds running lengthwise, or the longest segment of an oval, with beds running parallel to its outer margin will always please.

All kinds of annual flower seeds may be sown in the month of April and May; the beds should be finished, and the seeds sown, either in small patches each kind by itself, or in drills from a quarter to half an inch deep. In either case, the young plants of each of them will be fit to transplant. The advantage of sowing seeds in the open ground is that they are carefully with a trowel, the smaller kinds set in front, the larger to the rear; but if the weather be dry and the soil friable, give a little water, and cover them for a few days. The best way to obtain early flowers is to prepare a slight hot-bed in the tender kinds, and colour to sow in pots, and plunge them up to their rims in the bed, or set the pots in earth in shallow box not more than a quarter of an inch deep. In general, the seeds will appear in a week, and the young flowers are to draw weeks. If some of the hardy annuals be sown in the autumn, a few of the strongest plants to survive the winter, by a slight covering of straw or mat, and when transplanted in the Spring, will flower early.

Hardy biennials and perennials may be sown at the same time with the annuals, but they do not blossom the first year, they may be thinned out, or transplanted in the autumn of the second year, and will then flower in their proper season. Many of the perennials and biennials may be sown in September, or as soon as ripe; and if the plants get strong before the setting in of winter, most of them will flower the next summer. In transplanting, take care to preserve every fibre to their roots, and to shade them carefully for a few days from the sun. Remove decayed plants, and replace them with others, or with annuals in pots. Keep all the beds free from weeds, and the walks neat and clean.

It is necessary to have suitable implements ready, such as a spade, rake, hoe, trowel, line, reel, &c., and proper names; such as spade, rake, hoe, trowel, line, reel, &c., and proper names; such as spade, rake, hoe, trowel, line, reel, &c., and proper names; such as